THE LIBERATOR

"COMRADES LET US ALL UNITE."

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Russia to Be Free!

THE GENERAL STRIKE PROVES TO BE THE MOST IMPORTANT WEAPON IN THE HANDS OF THE WORKERS

Tyrants Flee from Their Thrones

AMERICANS TAKE WARNING!!

Russia! Oh, the land of struggle, tyranny, devotion and revolt! The Russian workingman feels freer today than he ever has before, and it is the *real* freedom. He has thrown down his tools, he has left the slave pens, he has closed the factory doors, drawn the fires from the engines, dismantled the ships at the wharves, and defies the "powers that be." He stands in the streets of Russian cities a freeman! Because a people in revolt are always a *free* people. It is the wage-slave who quietly submits to "law and order" who is an abject slave.

The Russian proleteriat are not giving the courts time to issue "injunctions," and closed shop "contracts," but they have got the rich loafers on the run! They are shaking the throne itself. Following is the encouraging information conveyed to us by the cablegrams:

"The emperor asked Count Witte to speak frankly, and after listening to the statesman's frank exposure of the situation he appeared to be utterly unnerved by the deplorable state of affairs, and cried out that he was weary of the struggle and felt like leaving all and fleeing to Darmstadt, hence probably the origin of the report that the emperor was going abroad."

The above news seems too good to be true.

When the American people are brave and independent enough to force their emperors to "go abroad," this will be a sign that they too, want the freedom of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and are worthy decendants of the "Boston Tea-party" patriots. The Russian workingman, like the American workingman has been a "law-abiding citizen" for a long time, the former has simply become tired, because he finds it doesn't bring relief, and he is now trying "lawlessness" for a change.

Maybe our "law-abiding" workingmen may ask, "well, what does it all amount to, what will they gain?" Pray, what will they lose? Not anything like as much as the laborer does in this country—who strikes, remains out for months, gets his head pounded, some get killed, others are enjoined from even working on the earth, and at last, are compelled through starvation to sneak back to their boss and beg for a little more slavery, sticking their union button down in the seat of their pants or somewhere else so it will not offend their masters. The Russian Czar and all the other rich loafers in Russia have ten times more respect for the working class in the streets battling for bread than do our American aristocrats for the whimpering lot of whipped curs who sneak back buttonless and beg for work.

Bravo! Russian comrades and Revolutionists! The eyes of every liberty-loving man and woman are upon you; we watch every stroke you strike with breathless anxiety and approval, knowing as we do that your cause is our cause. We trust that the inspiring flame of liberty now blazing forth in Russia may soon sweep round the world—that "imperial yachts" may be lying at all the shores to convey the rich loafers out in the ocean.

"Apprehension apparently prevails in imperial circles. It is reported that the imperial yacht Polar Star is lying off Cronstadt, constantly under steam, and that the smaller yacht Strella is held in waiting at the wharf at Peterhof for emergency use."

To our Russian comrades, now that you have unfurled the flag of revolution, you are nearer freedom than ever before you do not feel that indescribable dread of the boss; you do not fear lest you "lose your job;" you have quit the job. The factory whistle has no terrors for you—you have seized a gun, or something better! Never, never return to your slavery again. When you enter the factories again, go as owners and not as dependents.

Three cheers for the general social strike and the world wide Revolution!

Nobility of soul and sentiment, supported by intelligence, are the true standards of manhood and womanhood — not dollars and cents.

THE LIBERATOR PUBLISHING GROUP will meet every Tuesday evening at 224 Blue Island Ave. until further notice. Comrades are requested to attend these meetings as they are always important regarding laying out propaganda work, etc.

THE MARCH OF THE TOILERS.

This Is a Pen Picture Drawn By One of Them.

By One of Them.

(Continued from last issue.)

We stand again on the Milwaukee Ave. Viaduct to study the human stream of toilers as, platoon after platoon, they march to their daily work in the grey dawn of morning, and select this time a bevy of young girls as they float by.

Great God of Mercy on High, forgive us for using language in the foregoing sentence that would seem to be sarcastic. A "bevy of young girls who float by" would naturally indicate healthy, lighthearted, innocent youth, such as one might expect to see in any group of girls between the ages of ten and twenty, with eyes beaming and flashing forth joy and merriment, step elastic, every movement full of life and vigor and complexions that fairly radiate sunshine. Mind you, this is when "the grey dawn is breaking and the horn of the master is heard from the mill." But what do we see. Look closely, my friend, but if your heart be at all tender you had better turn your eyes the other way, for what you can see here is enough to make men and angels weep.

Watch this first young girl hurrying along with her noon-day lunch wrapped in a piece of newspaper. Note the thinness of her shabby garments, the shivering of her form, the frayed and wornout shoes; but, oh goodness what are these outward signs compared to the inward expressions as seen through the windows of the soul—the eyes. Blank despair, horror of the tortures of the burden of life, abject misery, silent sullinss, recklessness, defiance and submission blended, sickness, poverty and bodily weakness combined, and then to expect such to grow up to perfect womanhood and propagate the human race to advantage. Is it any wonder that we have criminals and degenerates? No! Our system produces them.

Look again and you can behold as in a vision what the writer did in reality —her companion, about two years older—her sister probably—and note the **matured** expressions: One degree more of despair, defiance and sullenness blended with a general harshness of features that makes the little face look prematurely old.

Let us follow those two young girls to learn if possible what their occupations are and under what conditions they work.

We traverse the remainder of Milwaukee Ave. to Lake St., east on Lake to Dearborn St., south on Dearborn to Van Buren, then swing east again to Plymouth Place—Printing House Row—and see the children enter a very large printing and book manufacturing establishment. Through the courtesy of an employe whom we know we are allowed to look through the plant and soon locate the two poor little things picking and making ready to bale paper clippings. Their weary little bodies and drooping arms seem already to be tired out, but as the boss is seen approaching they straighten up and make a spasmodic effort to cause their nimble arms and fingers to move quicker while a look of absolute fear creeps into their faces.

How long do they work thus each day, do you suppose? From 7:30 a. m. until 12 noon; from 12:30 noon until 6 p. m.—10 hours; and then walk home again, which makes a total of about 13 hours a day, and for which they each receive, we are informed, $4.00 per week. These are facts, not fancies. How do you like them?

Now let us return to the viaduct and study these toilers as they go home at night.

There come the old men and women actually staggering along, with that same dull look of submissive misery on their faces, exhausted by the day's work, broken in health and spirit, all they seem to wish for is a chance to lay their tired bodies down and rest.

Now passes several young boys from 12 to 16 years old, who make a bluff at being light-hearted, whose wan and sickly smiles look, on their overworked and pinched little faces, like the hideous grin of a death's head. But they are brave little lads, and try to make believe they are happy. May fortune smile on them and give them more intelligence as they grow older.

Here come a group of strong, robust-looking men whose stolid expression of countenance is little changed from that of the morning, and who seem to possess a reserve force of latent energy.

Now we encounter a group of young girls whose animation seems greater than that of the boys.

Right here let us stop and consider the cause of the difference in the looks of these younger toilers on their home coming: One more day of their imprisonment and slavery is over. They have gained a few hours of liberty, and consequently feel elated at even a short respite from work that is drudgery.

But their hours of freedom are not many, so they hurry home and then try to extract a little pleasure from their scant opportunities. Some think it a treat to be allowed to stroll aimlessly up and down Milwaukee Ave. to admire the brightly lit and gaudy shop windows. Others more daring go to the concert, dance halls or saloons, and as their time is limited and they are already exhausted, take stimulants and try to crowd as much fun as possible into as short a time as they can. Some again, who like an emotional debauch, will attend a revival meeting or salvation army bombardment, while still others of a more sedate or sentimental turn of mind will go to some more conservative place of worship or remain quietly at home working, reading or recuperating for their next day's toil.

And so the weary grind goes on day after day, week after week, and month after month, the only possible change the toiler can have being a change of masters; but if he should lose one master and be unable to get another—well, we do not care to draw a picture of such a condition. Our daily capitalistic papers present them too frequently and vividly to make it necessary for us to do so.

But speaking of our daily capitalistic press reminds us that the Chicago Daily News of recent date, published an article on the human stream of toilers of Milwaukee Ave., from which we clip the following sentences:

"The stillness was impressive. It bespoke the great force that always accompanies stillness, the energy held in reserve for emergency; the mystery of nature's silent brooding places, awaiting but a signal to express itself in terrifying action. There was scarcely an observable ripple on the surface and in the main the great river flowed on without boisterousness, sure of itself, smoothly, tranquilly, and——

"And seriously," remarked my foreign visitor, divining the thought that went on in my mind and then he hastened to add: "Have they exhausted their energies and vitality in the day's work?"

"You judge the mass by the silence," was answered, "and that silence is misleading."

We are free to confess it might be dangerous for us to write so.

Rex.

INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM.

The discontented attitude between producers of the wealth and the owners of land, raw material and tools is a fact in the present society, that can be no more overlooked nor denied. There is a struggle going on, open rebellion (strike) or unite submission of the toiler to the master of his job. Concentration of goods produced, has its collateral the banking interests and speculation with which the powers that be, are deluding the everlastingly hoping workman. The wage system is recognized as a contemptible form of slavery and all class conscious toilers are about trying ways and means how to get rid of this semi barbarism of our times.

Every casual observer can notice that the agressiveness of the capitalist is due to his form of organization, his sole aim is to be supreme lord and master of industries. Millions of dollars are spent to bribe courts and politicians and more millions are spent to maintain gun men and ruffians to "subdue" anyone trying to better his condition or that of his fellow man. There is any amount of money to spare for all kinds of dirty work; but, there is no chance to decrease the hours of work or increase of wages of wealth producers. We will have to suffer until we learn how to organize, and what principles to fight for.

We shall organize the I. W. W. with such flexibility as to insure effective fighting. We shall avoid at all times if possible, a fight between the workers themselves.

If we should be forced into a strike against our exploiters we will do it with reflexion and consideration. Use all honorable means to avoid it, but, if it must be, then, do it with determination and persistency. There is one thing, however, we never must loso sight of, and this is, that the fundamental principle of our I. W. W. is **to take control** of the respective industry we are running for glory and profit of the capitalist.

Industrial Workers of the World has just one label. That is why once a union man, always a union man.

Again we must understand that any organized body is the reflection of the activity of its members, therefore if we want industrial unions of any value to the labor movement they must be clear cut on socialistic principals, without the political wire pulling and grafting hunters.

If we want to see the I. W. W. successful it is the rank and file that has to take a hand in it, as we are the one that form the backbone of production and distribution of wealth, as well as the motive power to the renovation of wage slavery.

A. Klemencic.

FAMOUS WOMEN OF HISTORY.

Under the above head will be continued for a few weeks brief sketches of the lives of women who have contributed their share in building the world's history. While the editor will contribute a number of these sketches we also invite others, especially women, to send in brief sketches of famous women, if any such occur to their minds. Let these sketches be well stated, short and to the point. We hope if any are sent in that they will be far superior to those which we write ourselves.

LOUISE MICHEL.

How many of the countless millions who have entered this life, passed through its changing scenes and at last have laid down to rest, of whom it can be truly said "here rest they who have labored for the uplifting of the oppressed, who have devoted their energies unstintingly in the interest of the "common people?" We fear there are few indeed.

A life devoted to the interest of the working class; a life of self alenegation, a life full of love, kindness, gentleness, tragedy, activity, sadness and kindness, are some of the characteristics which went to make up the varied life of our comrade, Louise Michel." In the elderly woman, clad in simple black garments, with gray hair curling upon rounded shoulders and kindest of blue eyes glancing from the strongly marked face, none but those who knew her personally would in the last few years have recognized, Louise Michel.

Listening to her quict musical voice, with its slightly rising and falling cadences, uttering sentences which were as dignified and impressive as the lines from a heroic play, it needed some personal knowledge to imagine her calling in the streets of Paris three and thirty years ago to comrades to rally, and encouraging to stand and defeud the street barricades amid the hail of shell and fire. Still more incredible must be the stormy scenes of her long life have seem to those who only saw her in the little home she only a few years ago found in a London suburb, feeding or caressing the numerous furred and feathered friends housed by her tender charity, many of them bearing the scars of cruelties from which she had tried to save them. For herself she thought nothing of privation and suffering, but for all creation that groans and trauvels in painshe felt with every nerve and fibre of her mind. As a girl, while living in the old château near Troyes, where she was born, she noticed and questioned the sufferings of the animals that man had subjected. An early novel of hers opens with a graphic description of the sufferings of a worn out horse which was driven daily into a pond to feed the leeches bred for Paris doctors.

As soon as she could reason, Louise Michel conceived the idea that the world only needed to be taught better to do better.

Her ambition was to help in the teaching of it, and she became a school mistress.

She was teaching school when the troubles of the Franco-Prussian war began; all those years she had been using her pen on political questions modeling her verse on poems of Victor Hugo, and had already won some reputation among advanced political parties. When it was proposed to surrender Paris without a blow, she came forward to protest against such dishonor.

Her proposal to emancipate Paris from an infamous and treacherous

(Continued on page 4.)

THE LIBERATOR

A WEEKLY DEVOTED TO REVOLUTIONARY PROPAGANDA ALONG LINES OF ANARCHISTIC THOUGHT

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466 W. Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ill.

The Editor does not necessarily indorse all views expressed by contributors, but as the LIBERATOR is a free Forum we invite and welcome contributions upon all subjects pertaining to liberalism.

Personalities will be rigidly excluded; we are working for the good of humanity at large.

In The Anthracite Coal Regions.

The anthracite coal region is the proper field for the I. W. W. to send organizers this winter. Send men and women among those poor helpless brothers of ours, preach to them principle of Soliditary, among the workers in contradistinction to the fakirs who prate about the "identity of interest between capital and labor." Every ton of coal that those miners dig this winter means just so much less bread for them and their helpless little ones next year. In other words, the miners are now engaged in forging the weapons that will surely be used to defeat them in their efforts to obtain a living wage next summer.

The old craft unions, with their "sacred" contracts are simply the crucifiers of labor. To hell! with your contract; work for a boss as long as the conditions are the best you can obtain for the time you work, and quit when you can do better.

Contracts are only good between equals; but as the laborer is never on an equal footing with capital, the contract is a fraud and will react to his detriment. The union will sign a contract to work for so much wages, but within six months from the time it signs it, living will have increased 15 per cent, while the contract called for possibly a 10 per cent increase, so he finds himself just 5 per cent out of pocket. This is the case with the miners today; living expenses have increased far more than the little wages that they have obtained, hence their wages have been reduced instead of being increased, or even remaining where they were when the "sacred" contract was signed. We hope the working class will see through this trick very soon and stop signing with bosses, but will dig a little deeper in the matter and see that to be free, one must work as an equal, and not as a mere wage slave.

L. E. P.

Another Hold-Up Lucifer.

"Lucifer," published at 500 Fulton St., Chicago, has been again refused admission to the mails, in other words, has been "held up" by the postal authorities; they claiming that certain articles are "obscene." This is the fifth time the paper has been condemned in the last few months. This looks only too plainly like persecution. Lucifer's veteran editor, Moses Harman, is meeting his persecutor's attacts like a hero. He has taken for his field of activity the teaching of proper sexual relations, as he believes they should be. And that woman should at all times be free to dispose of her affections as she pleases. Mr. Harman believes and earnestly advocates the principle, that children should be taught the laws of life and the proper reproductive functions of their beings, just as soon as they are old enough to understand the lessons taught them. He believes that young people, those just dancing upon the verge between girlhood and womanhood, or youth and manhood, if properly equipped with correct knowledge of those relations which they will just as surely engage in as they live, they will avoid many of those footfalls which ignorance, coupled with youth's impetuosity, lead them into, and thus avoiding mistakes in youth's morning of life, that declining years may not be cursed with disease and the mental torture so often met with now.

That Mr. Harman cannot at all times teach his philosophy, couched in language that shall meet the approval of the moral genius who presides over the postal department, seems, unfortunately, too true, hence his trouble. But truth will come uppermost. This fact Moses Harman understands; hence he has strength and courage to work on undismayed, unintimidated.

Those interested in the sex question will be well repaid for their trouble by communicating with Moses Harman, 500 Fulton St., Chicago.

L. E. P.

Our Apology.

Through an oversight, the article in last issue of THE LIBERATOR, entitled "The Labor Movement in Europe," was not credited, as it should have been, to "London Freedom." In this connection we wish to state that we are well aware that many mistakes are creeping into the LIBERATOR. The only excuse we have to offer is overwork.

We have to attend to the paper unassisted in every detail. That is, preparing copy, over looking correspondence, answering correspondence, reading every word that is offered for the paper, before it is submitted to the printer, so as to avoid the possibility of "bumping" up against the postal authorities; then to read the proof and superintend the making up of the paper, keep all accounts, and a few other details, the reader can probably understand when we plead overwork in extenuation for the shortcomings of the LIBERATOR which the editor understands well enough are many, but we trust the readers will nevertheless bear patiently with us.

L. E. P.

THE PRINTERS STRIKE.

The printer's strike is dragging its slow length along; the employers are simply waiting on their oars, until starvation conquers the printers, this is the brief summary of all the struggles between capital and labor for the passed year or so and will be until labor learns *how* to strike.

We find such squibs as the following in the capitalist press:

TO CLOSE NON-UNION BARRACKS.

The non-union "barracks" recently established by the Chicago Typothetae at 337 Dearborn Street for the housing of strike-breakers will be abandoned. Secretary Hamm of the Employers' association declared that the nonunion printers have been placed in private boarding houses, and that there is no further need for the "barracks." Officials of Typographical Union however, declared the placed was closed by health officers because insanitary conditions prevailed there.

Both the employers and the striking printers are sending circulars to printers in country newspaper offices The employers are offering them positions in the shops of the Chicago Tysothetae and Typographical Union No. 16 is urging them not to come here.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Progressive Library,
91 E. Broadway,
New York, Oct., 16, 1905.

TO THE LIBERATOR PUBLISHING GROUP.

Dear Comrades:—Enclosed you will find twenty dollars for the LIBERATOR. The money is the proceeds of a concert and tea party, that had been arranged for this purpose at our library by our group; with the money you also receive an assurance of our hearty and constant support of the paper from our group, a promise upon which you can rely, as long as the paper will stand for liberty, truth and justice—in short, for anarchy.

With the next issue we request you to begin to send us two hundred copies of the LIBERATOR every week, which we will try to distribute all over New York City; this decision has been reached by our group some weeks ago, but we did not want to ask you for papers before we had actually done something for the LIBERATOR.

Now a few words as to the causes, by reason of which we refrained until now from lending a helping hand to the paper.

We, as well as many other comrades, who felt keenly the absence of the Free Society and who yearned for a true anarchistic paper, one that might fitly be called the true exponent of our ideas, rejoiced upon hearing that our English comrades, among them some of our most able teachers, have undertaken the task of issuing a paper (weekly.) Upon receiving the circular calling for aid, we pledged them our hearty support and felt very much disappointed on its being issued not in the proper time; then summer time is very unfavorable for the purpose of running affairs, in order to clear some proceeds for the support of the paper; but nevertheless we decided to do something for it, when the favorable time arrives. We right then and there decided to arrange a grand mass meeting for the 11th of November commemoration and we saw no fitter purpose than to send all the money that we may realize from this undertaking, for the support of a paper, that would ably represent and preach the idea for which Albert Parsons and the other martyred comrades gave their "full measure of devotion."

What could be a more glorious triumph over the inhuman tyrants that strangled our comrades, than to have their ideas preached to all of the United States, from the very spot where the rulers have committed their most infamous and ignominous murder, and thought that by this act they had buried the anarchistic idea forever. What greater mockery upon the hopeless fallacy of oppressors to strangle thought could there be, than to have the "voice of the people" resume its utterance from the place where its executioners deemed it choked forever. What a more complete victory over the exploiters, than to have them realize that the voice of one martyr will resound in many hearts. Who could wish for any better place for a true anarchistic English paper than Chicago.

But, alas, how great was our disappointment, when a couple of months later we received a letter from Comrade J. Fox, stating that, taking into consideration the slow response to the appeal for money, and seeing the futility of having the paper issued in Chicago for only a few numbers, for the lack of material and pecuniary means; and, seeing also full well what a reactionary effect this would have upon the comrades, we agreed with him in his proposition to have the LIBERATOR or the Demonstrator improved issued at Home Colony, Wash.; thinking that it was really impossible to issue the paper in Chicago we received the first issue of the LIBERATOR, but we did not pay much attention to it, being under the impression that is was nothing more than an act of spite and still doubting the possibility that Chicago could afford the publishing of the paper. Number after number the paper arrived, and now that we have already six issues we can be more or less convinced that its publishing was not a mere piece of spite work; and we feel rather inclined to suppose that this is one of those phenomena, that enable idealists, standing face to face with the impossible, to make it a possibility; and to surmount the seemingly unattainable heights of labor and hardships; we are more bent to believe that the comrades in Chicago, seeing how hopeless the idea of issuing a paper at the city was, took more courage and in that way accomplished the six issues. We cannot really help but admire the untiring energy that it has cost you, especially when one takes into consideration that the LIBERATOR has no steady income and its appearance is solely dependent upon the good will and enthusiasm of a few comrades, that Chicago is a city which does not yield very much in a way of making money through concerts and balls (examplary evidence from the "roll of honor," which showed proceeds of such undertaking to be not exceeding 35 or 65 cents), * and that most of the income is contributions, we cannot refrain from expressing our deep respect for the strong will and increasing labors of these few comrades. This, mark you, is no compliment, but our honest opinion about you.

We hope that the comrades from all over the United States will not fail to take it from this standpoint and will not forsae the paper for pure personal reasons.

As to the controversy and dissension that has arisen between you and the other comrades, our opinion is that it is nothing more than a misunderstanding between you and Fox with the other comrades. They had very good reasons to believe that to issue the paper in Chicago was an impossibility, and were not at all evil-minded, when they tried to prevent that one or two numbers (according to their opinion it had no more material strength to exist) should be all that the world will see of it; and therefore our honest belief is that there is nothing that needs "shedding of light" on their actions, and that the comrades should better get to some understanding instead of hurting the propaganda by disunion and misrepresentations among themselves. To our mind the propaganda of our cause is too valuable if not too high for such base indulgence. We are more than convinced that the time will come, and it is not far off, when all the comrades will unite, and some will be glad that they were only mistaken in the possibility of having the LIBERATOR in Chicago and then by the united efforts of all, the LIBERATOR will be made the best English anarchistic paper that we ever had.

Hoping that this prophecy will not be long in actually coming true, we remain

Yours for the cause,
The Progressive Library,
Per Julius Edelsohn, Sec'y.
326 E. 15th St., N. Y. C.

* Our comrade is mistaken, our "roll call of honor" shows that the entertainment arranged by the Liberator Publishing Group has neted from $18 to $30.

A monster mass meeting and mourning concert to commemorate the murder of our Five Martyrs to be held at Grand American Hall, 719 Second Ave., on Monday evening, November 13, 1905.

The following prominent speakers will address the audience: Emma Goldman, M. Katz, H. Kelly, L. Lott, Esteeve and others. Admission 10 cents. Arranged by the Progressive Library in colaboration with the International Propaganda Group of New York.

Full profit for the LIBERATOR.

BOOKS
REVIEW.

Roman Society.

Modern thought has brought nothing better in the way of education than a revolution in the idea as to what is history. Nowhere else has the growth of the democratic spirit made itself more subtly felt. We are begining to learn that history does not consist mainly of the glories of wars or the achievements of princes and statesmen. The people are begining to count. The historian is begining to inquire what the masses have thought, suffered and done. As there is only a begining of the revolution, but it is a begining that will grow. Many readers of Tolstoy's greatest novel, War and Peace, have probably wondered at, and some perhaps have hardly understood, the long essay at the close. This essay sounds the death knell of the old conception of history. History can never again be the record of the ways and doings of the few, regardless of the many. It is too much to expect of conservatism that the change of view should be immediate and universal. Text-books and seats of learning are still infused with the old spirit, but it is certain that the new spirit is beginning to show itself even in the schools.

Prof. Samuel Dill, of Queens college, Belfast, has contributed greatly to the new movement in history. His latest work, Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius (Macmillan, 639 pp., 8 vo., $4.60), is a book of great learning, going behind the deeds of emporers and officials to the lives of the people of all classes. It is far more a history of the time it covers than the books that call themselves such. It tells so far as meager records will permit, how people lived and made a living; how they thought and acted; what were their social ideals and religious beliefs;

Not even the poorest workers and slaves are overlooked. "The usual fashion," says Dill, "of writing Roman history has concentrated attention on the doings of the emporer—the life of the noble class in the capital, or on the stations of the legions and the political organization of the provinces. It is a stately and magnificent panorama. But it is apt to throw the life of the masses into even deeper shadow than that in which time has generally enwrapped them. We are prone to forget that, behind all this stately life, there was a quiet yet extraordinarily busy industrial activity which was its necessary basis and which catered for all its caprices." In the third chapter of the second book the author attempts to give a view of the life of the industrial classes in the period covered. The chapter is entitled the Colleges and Plebeian Life, and it must be understood that the word colleges, which is the literal translation of the Latin word collegia, means, generally, labor unions. The author shows how these unions dated back to remotest times, how they persisted in spite of times of suppression, how they seemed to grow in importance as slave labor for various reasons declined, and how they may have added to the welfare of the masses and helped to lighten the dull routine of their existence.

"The plebeian crowd," says Prof. Dill, "recruited from the ranks of slavery, and ever growing in numbers and, in their higher ranks, in wealth, did not indeed dream of breaking down the barriers of exclusiveness; but they claimed, and quietly asserted, the right to organize a society of their own, for protection against oppression, for mutual sympathy and support, for relief from the deadly dullness of an obscure add sordid life."

It must not be forgotten that our means of knowing llfe and thought of the masses, until very recent times, are exceedingly meager. "Roman literature," says Prof. Dill "which was the product of the aristocratic class or of their dependents, generally pays but little attention to the despised mass engaged in menial services or petty trades." And he makes the gruesome statement that "the common people are

[Continued on page 4)

In Memoriam.

This coming Eleventh of November will mark the 18th anniversary of the five-fold judicial murders perpretated by the capitalist class of America. This event is known as the execution of the Anarchists.

It is true the foul murders took place in the jail in Chicago, State of Illinois, but the whole gang of tyrants from St. Petersburg, Russia, to San Francisco, America, on that November day sent up one wild demoniac shout of glee that "Anarchy is dead!"

This event has passed into history; time has cooled the passions and cleared the judgment of the American people. The jury who brought in the ready-prepared verdict have most of them passed away and their very names are unknown. But the great jury, the American people, are still here, and it is to these whom I wish to appeal to through the columns of THE LIBERATOR.

For this purpose, a special number of THE LIBERATOR (to be known as the 11th of November number) will be issued. In this issue there will be no attempt made to appeal, either to the sentiments or the passions of the reader, or to draw imaginary pictures. I intend to go to the records of the Cook county court and from their own evidence, I will convict the capitalistic class of the foulest judicial murder perpretated in modern times. THE LIBERATOR will contain a truthful account of the Haymarket meeting; why it was called; who was responsible for its breaking up in disorder, then tracing all succeeding events from that time until November the eleventh, 1887, the day on which our comrades were murdered.

This 11th of November number of THE LIBERATOR will contain splendid photographs of our five comrades and will be printed on extra good paper so that the photos can be framed where desired.

This special notice is issued early to give comrades and friends time to send in orders as soon as possible so that we may know how many to print. We want to get out an eight page number, if possible, but this will depend entirely upon the orders which we receive.

The price will be $2.00 per hundred, $1.50 per fifty copies, 25c for 10 copies.

It seems to me that every single reader of THE LIBERATOR ought to know 10 persons to whom they can hand the paper who would want to know the truth about the Anarchist trial, not because they are either Anarchists or sympathisers, but just simply to learn the truth for the truth's sake. So I have reason to expect a large number of 25c orders.

Hoping to hear from comrades and friends soon, I am, yours in the cause of truth and justice,

Lucy E. Parsons.

THE ROLL OF HONOR TO DATE.

Following is a partial list of Comrades who have contributed cash for the issuance and support of LIBERATOR. Get into the Band Wagon.

Colection, $1.95; Gold, $5; Aronson, $5; Rosenzweig, $1; Eisenstein $1; L. . 25c; Weisman, 50c; Collection L. G., 95c; Sales 7c; Collection $2.45; E. N. Lingg, $5.00; Joe Wolsdorf, 25c; D. Mikal, 50c, I. A. Herman, 50c; Chas. Hoffman, 50c; J. D. Cooper, $1; M. Epstine, 50c; Gus Nelson, 50c; French Comrades, $12; Frauen Verein Fortschritt, $10. Chas. Secondo, $2; G. Banachi, $1; Henry Kuchu $1; Max Segal, $1; Geo. Nerpenter, 35c; A. Bers, $4; Sales, 29c; Yom Kipur Ball, $16 C. S. Maria, $1.

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE.

Under this head will be contained short sketches on scientific subjects. We wish to interest the young people in the families of LIBERATOR's subscribers. The young are likely to tire of a paper which dwels too much upon the economic question only. Besides such short sketches may inspire the young people to exertions that may prove interesting to themselves and their parents.

Ether, the Greatest Mystery of Science.

By William Ashwell Shenstone.

I think I can scarcely contrive a more fitting preface to an article on the ether than the two quotations which follow. From the late Prof. Preston: "The present tendency indeed of physical science is to regard all the phenomena of nature, and even of matter itself, as manifestations of energy stored in the ether." From Prof. J. T. Thomson: "All mass is mass of the ether, all momentum, momentum of the ether, and all kinetic energy, kinetic energy of the ether."

If these two extracts truly represent to any considerable degree the present trend of physical speculation, could any scientific topic be more important or more interesting

At one time ethers were created by men of science almost as plentifully as blackberries by a blackberry bush, in every difficulty, with almost endless profusion. Ethers have been invented, as Clerk Maxwell has said, "for the planets to swim in, to constitute electric atmospheres and magnetic effluvia, to convey sensations from one part of our body to another, till all space was filled several times over with ethers," with the result that science in the end turned restive under this multiplication of entities, this constant piling up, so to speak, of the ethereal population of space, and after a period of reaction, during which it became almost a point of honor to discard the assistance of ethers, now contents itself with a single ether—viz.: that invented by Huygens in 1690, to explain the propagation of light.

But this single ether has to carry a heavy burden and to perform many and sometimes incongruous functions. It is, as Miss Agnes Clare has wittily remarked, at once the universal provider and the universal messenger. It is Atlas and Mercury rolled into one.

We owe the latest new theory of the ether to Dr. Larmor of the University of Cambridge. Dr. Larmor asks us to look upon nature as so comparatively intangible and unsubstantial in character that a friendly critic, after perusing his recent book on "Ether and Matter," remarked that he presumed its title was the result of a typographical error, and must have been written originally "Ether and No Matter."

Dr. Larmor is a leader in that distinguished school of physicists which is disposed to consider it likely that the chemical atoms are built up of positive and negative electrons interleaved or interlocked in a state of violent motion, so as to produce a stable configuration under the influence of their centrifugal inertia and their electric forces. Hence the electric theory of matter, as might have been expected, plays a leading part in this attempt to penetrate the secret of the structure of the ether.

A satisfactory theory of the ether, as Dr. Larmor has pointed out, must account for the conveyance of electric attraction across the ether by elastic action, and an electric field must be a field of strain. Hence each subatom, with its permanent electric charge, must be surrounded by a field of permanent strain on the ether. This forces us to regard the ether as endowed with some quality of the nature of elasticity. A subatom of matter therefore, as Dr. Larmor tells us, "must be in whole or in part a nucleus of intrinsic strain in the ether, a place at which the continuity of the medium has been broken and cemented together again without accurately fitting the parts, so that there is a residual strain all around the place." The ultimate element of material constitution becomes on this view an electric charge or nucleus of permanent strain in the ether, and we may venture to look upon molecules as composed of systems of electrically positive and negative portions of subatoms in a state of steady orbital motion around each other.

In short, as Dr. Larmor says, it seems as if the master key to a complete unraveling of the general dynamical and physical relations of matter may lie in the fact that it is constituted of discrete molecules "involving in their constitutions orbital systems of electrons, and moving through the practically stagnant ether."

To Mendelieff, the chemist of Russia, ether appears to be the lightest of all gases, the most inactive of all elements. Prof. Osborne Reynolds, the engineer, pictures it as a mass of dense, closely packed grains; Dr. Larmor, as a rotationally elastic fluid. In Prof. Mendelieff's eyes the ether seems but a finer kind of matter. In those of his colleagues it is the one concrete reality, while matter, according to Prof. Reynolds, consists merely of waves, and according to Dr. Larmor of systems of electrons or nuclei of permanent etherial strain in rapid motion.

How are we to reconcile these three diverse presentments of the ether? Perhaps the best answer I can offer is to remind you that throughout the history of science truth has ever been the offspring of diversity rather than of uniformity. Three men describing a neighbor's house might well give discordant and yet not untrue accounts of it, according as their own windows looked upon its front, its back, or one of its sides. It may be—I do not venture to say it is—that each of these seemingly diverse theories of the ether expresses something that is true about that aspect of the subject which chiefly has presented itself to the author.

If it were true: "That government which governs least governs best," then it logically follows that no government (freedom) would be still better. A truer statement, is to say: That that people which is least governed is best off.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

One of our friends or comrade past the 60 years is in a precarious position and he is to raffle his Zither Harp—a very fine musical instrument; the ticket is 15 cents and can be had with us and at 111 Blue Island Ave. Any one who possibly can spare the amount for one or more tickets will be thankfully considered.

ADDRESS BY CLARENCE S. DARROW.

Delivered to the Prisoners in the County Jail.

(Continued from last week.)

The English people once punished criminals by sending them away. They would load them on a ship and export them to Australia. England was owned by lords and nobles and rich people. They owned the whole people had to stay in the streets. They could not get a decent living. They used to take their criminals and send them to Australia—I mean the class of criminals who got caught. When these criminals got over there, and nobody else had come, they had the whole continent to run over, and so they could raise sheep and furnish their own meat, which is easier than stealing it; these criminals then became decent, respectable people because they had a chance to live. They did not commit any crimes. They were just like the English people who sent them there, only better. And in the second generation the descendants of those criminals were as good and respectable a class of people as there were on the face of the earth, and then they began building churches and jails themselves.

A portion of this country was settled in the same way, landing prisoners down on the southern coast; but when they got here and had a whole continent to run over and plenty of chances to make a living, they became respectable citizens, making their own living just like any other citizen in the world but finally these descendants of the English aristocracy, who sent the people over to Australia, found out they were getting rich, and so they organized land syndicates and got control of the land and ores, and then they had just as many criminals in Australia as they did in England. It was not because the world had grown bad; it was because the earth had been taken away from the people.

Some of you people have lived in the country. It's prettier than it is in here. And if you have ever lived on a farm you understand that if you put a lot of cattle in a field, when the pasture is short they will jump over the fence; but put them in a good field where there is plenty of pasture, and they will be law-abiding cattle to the end of time. The human animal is just like the rest of the animals, only a little more so. The same thing that governs in the one governs in the other.

Everybody makes his living along the lines of least resistance. A wise man who comes into a country early sees a great undeveloped land. For instance, our rich men twenty-five years ago saw that Chicago was small and knew a lot of people would come here and settle, and they readily saw that if they had all the land around here it would be worth a good deal, so they grabbed the land. You can not be a landlord because somebody has got it all. You must find some other calling. In England and Ireland and Scotland less than five per cent. own all the land there is, and the people are bound to stay there on any kind of terms the landlords give. They must live the best they can, so they develop all these various professions; burglary, picking pockets and the like.

Again, people find all sorts of ways of getting rich. These are diseases like everything else. You look at people getting rich, organizing trusts, and making a million dollars, and somebody gets the disease and he starts out. He catches it just as a man catches the mumps or the measles; he is not to blame, it is in the air. You will find men speculating beyond their means, because the mania of money-getting is taking possession of them. It is simply a disease; nothing more, nothing less. You can not avoid catching it; but the fellows who have control of the earth have the advantage of you. See what the law is; when these men get control of things, they make the laws. They do not make the laws to protect anybody; courts are not instruments of justice; when your case gets into court it will make little difference whether you are guilty or innocent; but it's better if you have a smart lawyer. And you cannot have a smart lawyer unless you have money. First and last it's a question of money. Those men who own the earth make the laws to protect what they have. They fix up a sort of fence or pen around what they have, and fix the law so the fellow on the outside cannot get in. The laws are really organized for the protection of the men who rule the world. They are not made to do justice. They were never organized or enforced to do justice. We have no system for doing justice, not the slightest in the world.

Let me illustrate: Take the poorest person in this room. If the community had provided a system of doing justice the poorest person in this room would have as good a lawyer as the richest, would he not? When you went into court you would have just as long a trial, and just as fair a trial as the richest person in Chicago. Your case would not be tried in fifteen or twenty minutes, whereas it would take fifteen days to get through with a rich man's case.

Then if you were rich and you were beaten, your case would be taken to the Appellate Court. A poor man cannot take his case to the Appellate Court; he has not the price; and then the Supreme Court, and Appellate Court; and if he were beaten there he might perhaps go to the United States Supreme Court. And he might die of old age before he got into jail. If you are poor, it's a quick job. You are almost known to be guilty, else you would not be there. Why should any one be in the Criminal Court if he were not guilty? He would not be there if he could be anywhere else. The officials have no time to look after all these cases. The people who are on the outside, who are running banks and building churches and making jails, they have no time to examine 600 or 700 prisoners each year to see whether they are guilty or innocent. If the courts were organized to promote justice the people would elect somebody to defend all these criminals, somebody as smart as the prosecutor—and give him as many detectives and as many assistants to help, and pay as much money to defend you, as to prosecute you. We have a very able man for state's attorney, and he has many assistants, detectives and policemen without end, and judges to hear the cases—everything handy.

Most all of our criminal code consists in offenses against property. People are sent to jail because they have committed a crime against property. It is of very little consequence whether one hundred people more or less go to jail who ought not to go—you must protect property, because in this world property is of more importance than anything else.

How is it done? These people who have property fix it so they can protect what they have. When somebody commits a crime it does not follow that he has done something that is morally wrong. The man on the outside who has committed no crime may have done something. For instance; to take all the coal in the United States and raise the price two dollars or three dollars when there is no need of it, and thus kill thousands of babies and send thousands of people to the poor-house and tens of thousands to jail, as is done every year in the United States—this is a greater crime than all the people in our jails ever committed, but the law does not punish it. Why? Because the fellows who control the earth make the laws. If you and I had the making of the laws, the first thing we would do would be to punish the fellow who gets control of the earth. Nature put this coal in the ground just as much for me as it did for any one, and nature made the prairies up here to raise wheat for me as well as for them; and then the great railroad companies came along and fenced it up.

Most all of the crimes for which we are punished are property crimes. There are a few personal crimes, like murder—but they are very few. The crimes committed are mostly those against property. If this punishment is right the criminals must have a lot of property. How much money is there in this crowd? And yet you are all here for crimes against property. The people up and down the Lake Shore have not committed crime, still they have so much property they don't know what to do with it. It is perfectly plain why these people have not committed crimes against property; they make the laws and therefore do not need to break them. And in order for you to get some property you are obliged to break the rules of the game. I don't know but what some of you may have had a very nice chance to get rich by carrying the hod for one dollar a day, twelve hours, and instead of taking that nice, easy profession, you are a burglar. If you had been given a chance to be a banker you would rather follow that. Some of you may have had a chance to work as a switchman on a railroad where you know, according to statistics, that you can not live and keep all your limbs more than seven years, and you can get fifty dollars or seventy-five dollars a month for taking your lives in your hands, and instead of taking that lucrative position you choose to be a sneak thief, or something like that. Some of you made that sort of choice. I don't know which I would take if I was reduced to this choice. I have an easier choice.

I will guarantee to take from this jail, or any jail in the world, 500 men who have been the worst criminals and law-breakers who ever got into jail, and I will go down to our lowest streets and take 500 of the most abandoned prostitutes, and go out somewhere where there is plenty of land, and will give them a chance to make a living, and they will be as good people as the average in the community.

There is a remedy for the sort of condition we see here. The world never finds it out, or when it does find it out it does not enforce it. You may pass a law punishing every person with death for burglary, and it will make no difference. Men will commit it just the same. In England there was a time when 100 able with death, and it made no difference. The English people strangely found out that so fast as they repealed the severe penalties and so fast as they did away with punishing men by death, crime decreased instead of increased; that the smaller the penalty the fewer the crimes.

Hanging men in our county jails does not prevent murder. It makes murderers.

And this has been the history of the world. It's easy to see how to do away with what we call crime. It is not so easy to do it. I will tell you how to do it. It can be done by giving the people a chance to live—by destroying special privileges. So long as big criminals can get the coal fields, so long as the big criminals have control of the city council and gets the public streets for street cars and gas rights, this is bound to send thousands of poor people to jail. So long as men are allowed to monopolize all the earth, and compel others to live on such terms as these men see fit to make, then you are bound to get into jail.

The only way in the world to abolish crime and criminals is to abolish the big ones and the little ones together. Make fair conditions of life. Give men a chance to live. Abolish the right of the private ownership of land, abolish monopoly, make the world partners in production, partners in the good things of life. Nobody would steal if he could get something of his own some easier way. Nobody will commit burglary when his house is full. No girl will go out on the streets when she has a comfortable place at home. The man who owns a sweat-shop or a department store may not be to blame himself for the condition of his girls, but when he pays them five dollars, three dollars, and two dollars a week, I wonder where he thinks they will get the rest of their money to live. The only way to cure these conditions is by equality. There should be no jails. They do not accomplish what they pretend to accomplish. If you would wipe them out, there would be no more criminals than now. They terrorize nobody. They are a blot upon any civilization, and a jail is an evidence of the lack of charity of the people on the outside who make the jails and fill them with the victims of their greed.

RINGERS

By REX.

The tears, sighs and ebbing heart-beats of dying women and children are the precious pearls dissolved in the wines of our present-day Cleopatras.

How will the inhabitants of this planet look back on our present barbaric capitalistic and social system one thousand years hence?

"The mills of the gods grind slow but exceeding fine." Our comrade martyred on Nov. 11th, 1887 simply put this quotation in another form when he said with his dying breath: "The day will come when our silence will be greater than the voices you strangle today." He was a prophet.

We wonder how many true anarchists have "laid up for themselves treasures in heaven, where moths do not corrupt nor thieves break through and steal?" It is unnecessary to ask how much treasure they have laid up on earth, because the thieves are in complete control here.

"John Brown's body lies moulding in the grave," but the spirit of emancipation still roams the world at large, like a maverick unbranded, and seems mighty hard to lariat or corral.

"Asleep in the deep." Did you ever hear that beautiful song? If not do so at the first opportunity and then bend your ear close to the ground and hear the rumble of the coming awakening.

Given natures' opportunities and liberty the children of men would become as gods.

A toast: Here's to the silent ones who never bent a knee or bowed a head in submission to tyranny, whose dignified deaths were as grand as that of the lowly Nazarine, whose names will let be as powerful, and whose admirers are becoming legion.

Rex.

LOUISE MICHEL.

(Continued from page 1)

government attracted the attention of the revolutionary leaders, and all through the days of the commune Louis Michel shared their counsels and deliberations.

The proudest moment of her life no doubt was the day when she put on the kepi and tunic of the National Guard, and with rifle on shoulder marched out against the troops from Versailles.

Absolutely fearless, her presence alone would have sufficed to encourage the adherents of the most desperate cause. That she escaped death in this struggle for liberty was the more marvelous, as she did nothing to avoid it.

She organized the central committee of women and fought in the ranks with even greater courage than did men, being severely wounded at the defence of Fort Isay.

Before her wound healed, she was back at her post again. She was arrested and arraigned before the council of war. She made no defence and pleaded capital punishment. "I wished," she said, "to oppose a barrier of flames to the invaders from Versailles, and if I failed it was no fault of my will or purpose. If it had been possible I should have killed Thiers.

I have no desire to live. I dedicated myself to France, and, unable to save her, death would be a boon. If you are not cowards, you will order my execution."

But besides her courage, Louise Michel had a great gift, a sense of humor wedded to a keen wit, which served her and her friends in the most desperate circumstances.

Even the terrible nights in the prison at Satory, when she heard and saw from the windows the fusilades tumbling batches of her comrades into the ditchts they had been forced to dig for themselves, did not quench her spirit. With a bit of charcoal she cheered the drooping spirits of her fellow sufferers by drawing on the whitewashed walls absurd carricatures of the prison officials, until the latter begged the authorities to remove her as "incorrigible."

Her resolute acceptance of all the responsibilities of the deeds with which she was accused at her trial is well known, but what her fellow-exils owed to her courage and cheerfulness on the long voyage to New Caledodia is not to be estimated.

She herself returned to France firmly believing that all authority wielded by man over man was demoralizing; believing, too, in the possibilities which lay before the human race through voluntary organization and the equal sharing of the goods and ills of life.

She never changed her attitude toward the wrongs and injustices met with everwhere; she did not become conservative or a compromiser as so many do, when declining years are creeping upon them. Accused of inciting starving men to help themselves freely from the bakeshops in the Boulevard St. Germain, she was again imprisoned in 1883 and again in 1886 for a revolutionary speech. At Havre, in 1888 she was shot at by an unemployed workingman while lecturing on the strikes, in which he was a sufferer. The bullet lodged in the back of her neck, but she covered the wound with her handkerchief and went on speaking, anxious only that her assailant should not be punished.

As she refused to give evidence against him, or allow her wound to be examined, the man was discharged, and when he died shortly afterwards of consumption, Louis Michel was one of his best friends."

All those who escaped the awful butchery of the soldiers in the streets of Paris, during the last days of the Commune and who were known to have been at all active in that struggle were exiled to New Caledonia. The suffering of the prisoners in that pest hole was beyond description; at last a number of them were offered amnesty, Louis Michel was among the first who was offered pardon and transportation back to Paris; but she refused to leave while any remained, and stayed—nursing the sick and encouraging the weak in spirit. She left the Island only with the last batch who were released after years of torture.

Such is the story in brief and but poorly told of the life of our noble comrade.

The storm-tossed ocean-beaten mariner struggles on and on amid the baffling waves, his courage is almost gone, but at last a light-house looms up in the far distance and he takes on fresh courage and strives on to reach it. So it is in the baffling ocean of humanity. A strong character like Louise Michel looms up like a billar of light or a star of hope, and the weary reformer sees it and takes fresh courage to struggle on in the surging ocean of humanity, and endeavor to calm its troubled waves and point the way to the harbor of plenty.

Louise Michel died in Marseilles, France, Jan. 9th, 1905 aged 73 years.

We can but say, rest sister and comrade, after your long and useful life; sweet sleep has come at last.

L. E. P.

BOOKS.

(Continued from page 2.)

now as a rule, chiefly known to us from the inscriptions on their tombs." It seems, too, that at some periods the workingmen's only legitimate union was an association for the purpose of burying themselves. "Sepulture and religion," says the author, being admitted, "being admitted by the government as legitimate objects for association, any college, however seculiar in its tone, might, and probably would, screen itself under sacred names."

From various sources, mainly inscriptions, we get glimpses of awful cruelty, of dire poverty, of "bloody riots at Nuceria and Pompeii," of "serious troubles in the reign of Aurelian, when 7,000 people were killed in the organized outbreak of the workmen," of "fierce conflicts with the higher orders, asat Puteoli in the reign of Nero, when the discord was so menacing as to call for the presence of a praetorian cohort." Of all such events we get mere glimpses, and these from one point of view. Last Sunday the New York Tribune, in order to prepare public opinion for a possible renewal of conflict with Pennsylvania miners next Spring, devoted a page to telling the prosperity of these miners, and how the only poverty that existed was self-inflicted, for the sake of savings-bank deposits. To-day we are able to read the other side. In former times the miners' side was never told.

And yet, by putting together stray bits of information, and, in the light of modern thought, permitting ourselves to read between the lines, we may see that throughout Roman history their were not lacking constant efforts on the part of workingmen, more or less organized, to improve their social and economic condition. Did they accomplish very much? It seems not. Nor did many of them perhaps have any conception of a solid and permanent improvement. Like too many in the unions to-day, who, in the light of the present, have less excuse, the great majority probably had no thought beyond the immediate gain of some personal assistance, or of some occasional concession to their particular trade.

A large part of Prof. Dill's book is devoted to the religious movements under the empire. Nowhere else can the student find a more accurate account of the most interesting period, during which Christianity was slowly making its way. The author brings out well how impossible it was that the coldness and negativeness of stoicism, even in its most humanitarian form in the writings of Seneca, or in its most gracious development in the teachings of Marcus Aurelius, could ever make an effective appeal to the heart of the world. He shows the rise of the worship of the Great Mother, and of Isis and Serapis, and last, not least, of Mithra. He shows how these Eastern cults, so inferior in some ways to the ethical purposes of stoicism, were able to spread far beyond the reach of stoic philosophy, just because they recognize, how ever imperfectly, the mystical and spiritual side of humanity. It was, Mithraism, before Christianity, that came nearest to possessing the religious mind of Europe in the early centuries. Its spread was rapid and marvelous. It was, as Prof. Dill says, "perhaps the highest and most striking example of the last efforts of paganism to reconcile itself to the great moral and spiritual movement which was setting steadily, and with growing momentum."

There is little in the present volume concerning the rise of Christianity. "The pagan world of that age," says Prof. Dill in his preface, seems to have had little communication with the loftier faith which, within a century and a half from the death of Marcus Aurelius, was destined to seize the scepter."

J. H. DILLARD

(In "THE PUBLIC.")

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—Chicago Record Herald, Feb. 10, 1905.

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By C. L. JAMES

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